BOMBAY GAZETTE

Volume 27.] Wednesday, May 8, 1816. [Number 1353.

Boyce Kempt & Co.

HAVE for sale, the following Madeira Wines, from the respectable Houses of Murdock, Yuille, Wardrope and Co. and Kerrs and Co. which they can warrant to be of the undermentioned ages; and with confidence recommend to their Customers and the Public.

FROM M. Y. W. & CO.

London Particular Madeira, 5 years old at 925 Rs. the Pipe.
London Market do. do. 800 ,, per do.
India Market do. do. 700 ,, do. do.

FROM K. & CO.

London Particular Madeira, 4 years old at 850 per Pipe.
London Market do. do. 750 per do.
India Market do. do. 650 per do.

Bombay, 1st *May* 1816.

Boyce, Kempt & Co.

HAVE FOR PRIVATE SALE,

A very neat Bombay built Shigrampo, to hold four persons, almost new, with both poles, and a pair of shafts, so as to be drawn by one or two Horses.

Bombay, 8th *May* 1816.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

That on Friday, at 11 o'clock in the Morning,

WILL BE PUT UP

For Sale,

ON THE

GREEN, IN TOWN,

A certain quantity of

BENGAL, 2d sort, Putcherry Rice, in small lots of 5, 10, and 20 Bags for the convenience of purchasers: ready money to be paid for and the article cleared within two days; otherwise it will be resold at the risk of the purchaser.

Bombay, 8th *May* 1816.

જુદ્દર ખબર

આવતે શ્રક્રવારે બપોરના કલા
ક (૧૧) તેમાલે કોટમાંના જ
ાા ઉપર જાહેર લીલાઉ કરીને વે
ચશે બંગાલી ચોખાની ગુણો શેક
નશાટની પલચરી અને ગુણ (૫)
ના૦ (૧૦) ના૦ (૨૦) શ્રધી નોલાટ ક
રીને વેચશે લનારની જોગવાજને
ઝાજે * અને તેચોખાના નાણાં રા
કડ દીવ (૨) ની મુદતમાં આપીને
માલ ઉચકીજાએ નહીતો પરીથી
લીલાઉ કરીને તેલાટ વેચશે જે કા
ઇતેમાં ખોટ આવશેતે પેહલા ય
ણીનેમાથે પડશે

તારીખ (૮) મીમેઇ (૧૮૧૬)

TO BE LET,

AND MAY BE ENTERED UPON IMMEDIATELY

A SUIT of rooms, adapted for an Office, in an airy and pleasant situation, overlooking a part of the Esplanade; Colaba, and the entrance into the Harbour.

The rent, and further particulars may be learned by application to BAXTER & CO.

Bombay, 7th *May* 1816.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. A. MACDONALD RITCHIE has this day been admitted a Partner in our house of business.

Hogue Davidson & Robertson.

CALCUTTA,
1st May 1816.

Eduljee Eursetjee

Tomorrow Thursday the 9th Current will have a Public sale at his Room in Hummum Street of Household Furniture, Glass, Silver and Queen's Ware, a few Cases of French Claret each case containing two Dozen, Brandy Fruits in Boxes of a Dozen Bottles each, Pale Ale in Bottles, some English Claret three Dozens in Lots a small quantity of Portugueese new Chocolate and Payos and a few Pipes of Teneriffe Wine.

Also at Private Sale a Few Bottles of Coyapootar Oil. [*Bombay*, 8th *May*, 1816.

Eduljee Cursetjee

Begs to acquaint the Public that on Saturday next the 11th Instant, He will sell by Public Auction at His rooms in Hummum Street the Effects of an Officer deceased consisting of Wearing Apparel, Books, and the following Horses which will be put up at 12 o'clock precisely, viz,

A very fine dark bay half English and half Arabian charger, a pair of handsome, well matched Curricle Horses & a Persian Buggy Horse

Bombay, 8th *May* 1816

NAUTICAL CHRONICLE & NAVAL REPORT

BOMBAY.

SAILED.—May 1st, Ship Duncan, Captain James Burd, to China.

Do. 5th.—His Majesty's Ship Revolutionarie, I. C. Woolcombe Esq. Captain, to England.

The Gazette.

BOMBAY, 8TH MAY 1816.

NO Ship, whatever, from England, has arrived here, since our last. Neither has any intelligence, of importance, reached us from Madras or Calcutta.

The damages which the *Charlotte* has, so unfortunately met with, render it highly probable that the *Upton Castle* will enter the harbour before her.

With regard to the China Ships, we have only to observe that, if our information be correct, some delay in their sailing, must have necessarily taken place, in as much as their owners had determined not to proceed further in fitting them for sea, until such time as the points in dispute, between them and the Honorable Company, should be settled. If so, it is possible that other Ships may be taken up.

A report reached us, about ten days since, that some of the Passengers, on board the *Bombay* India man, homeward bound, had been fortunate enough to meet with Buonaparte at a boarding house in St. Helena, and that one or two of them, in particular, had even played a rubber at whist with him. Thinking it highly improbable that Napoleon should be conducted to a boarding house, on his arrival at that Island, we were inclined to doubt the correctness of the story, but from what we have since seen in some of the Calcutta papers, we are led to believe there is more truth in the statement then we, at first, imagined

Our readers will perceive, from an extract we have given, in to days paper, that *Citizen* Cobbet still preserves the faculty of writing, and that he wants nothing but the opportunity of doing more mischief.

Our brother Editors at Calcutta, have been lately, to the great alarm, as it would seem, of the Christian community there, entering into much discussion, relative to the validity of marriages, celebrated otherwise than by the rites of the Church of England. We are, by no means, sorry for this, sincerely hoping they may meet the eye of the Lord Bishop, aud induce him strongly to represent to the proper authorities at home, the urgent necessity which exists of some wholesome legislative provision being speedily made on this head.

That the marriage act does not extend to India is, infinitely, too plain, and therefore it does appear to us, without observing more upon the subject, highly extraordinary that the attention of Parliament has never as yet been called, either by the Bishops or the Judges, to this highly important subject.

Viewing it, solely as an Englishman, our own opinion is, that a marriage duly solemnized, in this country, by a clergyman of the church of England, would be held good in Westminster Hall, altho the ceremony should take place in a private house, without licence, and without bands having been previously called. With regard to any offence against ecclesiastical law of which the clergy man might be guilty we offer no observations.

The impressive Sermon preached by the Venerable the Achdeacon, for the benefit of the Society for promoting the Education of the Poor within the Government of Bombay, on Sunday the 14th of January last, having been printed and circulated, with the first annual Report of the proceedings which led to the formation of that excellent institution, the fullest information has thus been disseminated in respect to its importance, and the satisfactory basis on which it has been founded, and which cannot fail of success under the liberal support which it has hitherto experienced, and the zeal and attention by which its interests are superintended not only by the Directors but, above all, by the Directresses of the female branch of the Society.

No stronger proof need be adduced of the gratitude with which this establishment is received by the inhabitants in general, than the numerous candidates who have come forward for admission, and the many children of all casts who are sent for instruction as day scholars. The benefits to be derived from the efforts of such a society are incalculable; they are not limited to the contracted sphere of this Island, but embrace the moral improvement and the happiness of thousands. There is one point however on which we feel it necessary to offer a few remarks, that is, on the objections which many entertain to subscribe, from the smallness of the amount which they can afford to contribute; they feel reluctant to enrol themselves in the List of subscribers because their annual mite, their five or fifteen Rupees appear, on a comparison with the scale of donations, insignificant; hence, what we cannot but consider an erroneous feeling, deprives the society of considerable aid; Eight Rupees or even four Rupees a year is a liberal contribution in comparison with the subscriptions made in England for similar purposes. But if Individuals abstain from gratifying their wishes to become subscribers from such considerations, how easily could their dispositions be indulged, were subscriptions to be made by Departments or Corps as

fact been practised by the 1st. Battalion of the 3rd. Regiment of Native Infantry. An example which if followed by the Service at large would enable the society immediately to extend the benefit of Education and support to many orphans who are waiting for admission. We feel persuaded that these suggestions will be duly estimated by a liberal community, and that they will tend to remove scruples which we have reason to believe, check, in too many instances, the desire to promote the interesting objects of the society in question.

A supply of Congreve's Rockets has been received by the Agamemnon, and on Monday last a Rocket Practice took place in the Artillery ground at Byculla, before a number of spectators. Various reports have reached us of the result, but as we understand that our Brother Editor was in the midst of it, and conspicuous in the field, and can from experience speak powerfully of the surprize and gratification and other feelings which the exhibitions created, we will not anticipate what he appears to be so fully capable of describing.

Calcutta.

Letters from St. Helena, brought from the Cape in His Majesty's ship *Iphigenia*, state, that Buonaparte at first resided in the town in Chapel Valley, but tired by the importunities of the crowd that flocked to stare at his person, had latterly retired to a one room cottage, belonging to Mr. Balcombe, and situated about two miles from town. Near to it, a tent was pitched, in which he usually dined. He was in the daily habit of walking a good deal, and came every evening to Mr. Balcombe's dwelling house. It is supposed by some, that by the time he received the elegant and comfortable furniture, of which our European extracts contain a description, he will feel quite reconciled to his new abode.

In the meantime, it appears, from the Mauritius Gazette, that Colonel Montchenu has been appointed to keep an eye upon him, as Commissioner of Louis the XVIIIth.

We hear that a new Settlement has been formed at Port Loquez, on the N. E. coast of Madagascar, with the assistance of a petty Prince of that Island, and under the authority and direction of Governor Farquhar. A Resident, a Master Attendant, and a Surgeon Botanist, are already established there.

It appears, that notwithstanding a stipulation in the late treaty, the Fort of Nagree has not been given up yet by the Nypalese. Our troops however, and those of our Ally the Rajah of Siccum, occupy the country and passes round it. [*The Times April* 16.

English Extracts.

VISIT TO WATERLOO.

Ostend, August 15.

I wonder more London visitors do not come to Waterloo; the barges take you from hence to Ghent for about 10s.; the Diligence, from there to Bruxelles, 1s. 6d; a Fiacre for the day, to Waterloo and back, 20s. Opposite the inn, at a cottage where the Earl of Uxbridge was carried, you are shown a neat garden, in the centre of four paths, a little hillock, with a flower-planted thereon, shews the sepulchre of his Lordship's leg; in an inclosure, further behind this cottage are interred several English Officers; one only, Col. Filzgerald, of the Life Guards, has a stone with an inscription over him: many have been taken and transmitted to England; you then proceed for Waterloo, to the house of Jean Baptiste La Coste, called Belle Alliance, from whom I obtained the following particulars:—

About five in the morning, he was taken prisoner, to serve as a guide, and conducted with his hands tied behind him (that he might not escape as a former man had done) to another house, belonging to him, opposite to which Buonaparte had slept. Observing the French Soldiers plundering and destroying this house, he cried, Buonaparte asked what he cried for? He replied, "because your Soldiers are destroying all my property, and my family have no where to lay their head." Buonaparte said, "do you not know that I am Emperor, and can recompense you an hundred times as much?"

He was placed on a horse immediately between Bonaparté and his first Aid de Camp, his saddle being tied to the saddle of a trooper behind him that he might not escape. They proceeded a little beyond Belle Alliance, and Bonaparté took the ground on a small eminence on the opposite side; a sort of body guard of twelve [illegible] of artillery, very light, surrounding them. [illegible] spot he could command both lines. [illegible]ed, "how steadily those troops [illegible]d, how beautifully those cavalry [illegible] chevaux ? Oui, sont ves[illegible]

[illegible] the Scotch Greys.

beaux cavaliers? Ces sont des braves troupes, mais dans une demiheure je le couperaien pieces. Observing how the chasms in the British squadrons were filled up, the instant they were made he his artillery, he exclaimed "*quelles braves troupes! comme ils se travaillent, ils travaillent, mes bien tres bien,*" he asked La Coste the particulars of every house, tree, wood, rising ground. &c. with which he seemed well informed, holding a map in his left hand, and intent upon the action all the day, incessantly taking snuff from his waistcoat pocket, in large pinches, of which he violently snuffed up about half, throwing the other half from him with a strong exertion of the arm and thumb and finger, as if from vexation; this was all the refershment he took for 14 hours; he frequently placed his left hand upon the neck of La Coste's horse, to speak to the Aide-de-Camp on the other side of him. Seeing La Coste flinch at the shower of shot, he replied Do not stir, my friend, a shot will kill you equally in the back as in front, or wound you more disgracefully." About half past five, hearing the fire of the Prussians on the right of his rear flank leaning his hand upon the neck of La Coste's horse, and seeing the British cavalry; form their right and left flanks, making a tremendous charge that would have encircled his personal position, he exclaimed, *Il faut que nous nous sauvons*, retreating, with all his Staff, about 40 yards along the road, and within about twenty yards of the house, Belle Alliance, he halted, and putting the glass to his eye, saw the British cavalry intermingled, *pele mele*, and furiously cutting the French troops in pieces. He exclaimed "*quelles terrible ces Chevaux Gris!*" (meaning the Scots Grey, which had particularly during the day, and at the moment, attracted his attention.) "*Il faut nous depecher nous depecher nous depecher.*" They and all the Cavalry commenced a gallop till they got about three leagues beyond Charleroy, where they halted, and pitched a tent upon a grass plat, about nine at night. A fire was kindled, and refreshment placed upon a chair, which Bonaparte took the first for fourteen hours, standing with his back to the fire with his hands generally behind him, conver- sing with a circle, of nine, whose horses La Coste had been ordered to hold till the party, about two in the morning, broke up, when each taking his horse, the servant of the last gave La Coste a Napoeon d'or, which he exchanged, after a twenty-four hours fast, to refresh himself and family.

La Coste is a very intelligent Peasant, lives in the shattered house Belle Alliance, shews the room where the Prince of Wa[illegible] and Blucher shook hands, which he did not use, and conducts visitors all over the ground, describing every particular. The observatory, he says, was erected before the action, and had nothing to do with it. The ground is now [illegible] up, and there is by no means now so horrid an appearance as I have seen in some places in Spain after an action.

This statement of La Coste contradicts the account of the new guard crying to the old "*Se sau ve qui pent,*" that expression might easily have changed in running through the army from the first text, "*Il faut que nous nous sauvons.*" About an hour before the rout Bonaparte exclaimed, "I shall cut them to pieces, yet it is a pity to destroy such brave troops."

The latter part corresponds much with an account I had by an Officer that accompanied me in this inspection. About an hour before the finish, he said, an Aide-de-Camp came to the Duke of Wellington, telling him that the 5th division was reduced from 4000 to 400, and that their keeping their post was utterly ineffectual. "I cannot help it," said the Chief, "they must keep their ground with myself to the last man. Would to God the night, or Blucher would come!" Near an hour after the fire was heard by the British in the rear of Buonaparte's right flank—"We will beat them yet," cried he. The charge was sounded, the most dreadful havoc commenced and the victory closed the 18th day of June, which established British Generalship and the British army as the first in Europe.

On the left of all, the Brunswickers, in a firm square, made a breastwork of carnage; the. Scots brigade next. A brigade of Hanoverian Landwehr on their right forming their square awkwardly Col. Cameron, of the 92d, who was killed afterwards, called them to form as they did, which they obeyed, and stood; the next, a Dutch Brigade, by not forming alertly, were cut to pieces. This battle proved the fact o what we *vulgarly* call *bottom*.

The French cavalry, in proof armour, repeatedly and repeatedly charged our squares, their cannon opening chasms, the British infantry diminished and diminished, were inflexible and impenetrable to the last. At Salamanca, our heavy cavalry, with no armour, charged their squares, totally routed them with most horrid carnage, for having, after they had called for and received quarter, on the cavalry retiring, taken up their pieces and fired on them.

COTTON MANUFACTURES.—The manufactures of Cotton were never in a more flourishing situation than at the present period; the warehouses of Manchester and Glasgow have been nearly cleared, and the small stock on hand held, we believe, at a considerable advance.—Several purchasers have, we understaud, come to this market to pick up the small parcels which had been previously forwarded for sale; the sales for the American market are extensive. We have heard much of the rising manufactures of that country, more espesially of coarse articles; but we take the report with much allowance: in fine goods there cannot be a competition with the superior fabrics of Britain: and in the interior we are given to believe, that in the districts for manufacture in America, their most inferior raw material cannot be purchased at the lowest under 10d. per lb.; the labour is much higher; the price, however, no doubt, will vary with the accounts of the markets in this country; but we have taken the lowest rate at which it is reported it can be cultivated. The India Company have lately been extending the import of Bengal Cotton, which serves every purpose for manufacturing of coarse goods; till the late rise it was sold here without duty at 9½d. a 10d. per lb. subject then to a duty of 2d. per lb.; it is reduced to 1d. since the 5th July, so that the manufacturer, when the present scarcity is removed, will have the raw material for coarse cloth nearly at the lowest rate in America; wages much lower, and very superior machinery; we therefore, even question the rivalship in coarse cotton goods. The Order in Council inserted in last Saturday's Gazette equalises all duty on articles the production of the United States, whether imported or exported in British or American vessels; it is putting the latter on a favourable footing. The import duty on cotton will, of course, be 1d. per lb.; the export of this manufacture is estimated at 17 millions value annually; the import of the raw material last year about 288,000 bags, the export to the Continent 22,000.

[*The Courier, September* 1.

EXTRACT OF A GENUINE LETTER FROM PARIS, DATED THE 29TH AUGUST, WRITTEN BY A GERMAN GENTLEMAN FROM LONDON.

"I have had the pleasure to see our good and gallant friend and soldier, Prince BLUCHER: it was the only day he has been at Paris since I came here: (a month), he received the Order of the Bath, and returned the next day to his army in Normandy. I waited on him early in the morning, and found him with his pipe, giving directions to a long file of fine young officers, drawn up in a line in a large room; I explained to him the nature and state of the *Waterloo Subscriptions* in Britain, by which he was highly gratified.

"I explained it also to Prince HARDENBERG, in the Palace of the Duke of MONTEBELLO, (Lasnes). 'They are a noble people in Britain,' said he, 'but look round here, at all this silk embroidery, gilding and waste of luxury;—see how money is spent here.

"What a masquerade this city exhibits, of all the nations in their various shewy military dresses; dragging their noisy clattering sabres along the pavements of the Capital of the conquered Gauls. You would be astonished at the good order, nay urbanity, that prevails among this countless multitude. The Bourbons are too good for the French of the present day, after their long, bad, licentious and military habits of conquest and spoliation of the rich countries round them; the justice and expediency of replacing the Bourbons on the throne of France, is well understood by the intelligent few, but these, you know, do not always guide the mass of common minds."

[*The Courier, September* 4.

A few days before, I was present at a very curious case in the Court of Correctional Police. The parties were two Ladies, evidently of a respectable rank in society, each of whom charged the other with having scratched her face. Both had upon their cheeks very distinct marks of the [illegible] war politics—[illegible] separation [illegible] house on the [illegible] is quite the practice [illegible] as Prussia [illegible] joined [illegible] point [illegible] St. Helena [illegible] eliminated [illegible] battle. The Bonapartiste lady said, all the men in the coffee-house were Buonapartists, and refused to interfere. It turned out, however, that she was the aggressor; she was fined ten francs.

[*The Courier, September* 6.

T. P. BACON, Esq. is chosen Mayor of Lynn, and ROBERT CORY, jun. Esq. F. S. A. Mayor of Yarmouth.—According to the Charter of the late borough, the Aldermen and Common Councilmen are annually to assemble and choose *before they separate*, the "most discreet Alderman to be Mayor." The election of Mr. CORY did not take place until after a strong trial of patience and abstinence on both sides; the electors assembled on the *Tuesday noon*, and remained shut up (with only such provisions as they carried in their pockets) until ten o'clock on the *Thursday night*; when the six whose supplies were first exhausted, found themselves obliged to agree with the other six who were better provided, and to surrender their votes to avoid starvation, and a *third* night's confinement in the Church Hall.

[*The Courier,—September* 13.

FRENCH THEATRES.—The *Gazette de France*, received yesterday, contains the following account of the receipts of of the different French Theatres, in the last month:

L' Opera	- -	66,399 francs
Les Francais	- -	74,015
L' Opera Comique	- -	62,454
L' Odeon	- -	6,092
Le Vaudeville	- -	14,333
Les Varieties	- -	50,056
La Gaite	- -	18,410
L, Ambigu	- -	20,501
La Porte Saint Martin	- -	47,408
Le Cirque Olympique	- -	7,296
Les Concerts de Madame Catalani	-	42,803
Le Jardin Boutin	- -	41,184
Le Jardin Ruggierl	- -	11,949
Total	-	462,612

Or about twenty thousand pounds sterling!

[*The Courier, September* 15.

The Russian army, which assembled in the plain of Vertus amounted to about 110,000 men of every arm. The number of cavalry assembled was 36,000, and the pieces of cannon were 400. The troops were in the finest condition. They displayed transports of joy on seeing the Emperor Alexander. On the day of the review, after the grand manœuvres were over, the Emperor of Russia gave a dinner, in the open air, to his august Allies, the principal Generals of his army, and those of the allied troops, who had accompanied their Sovereigns to Vertus. Several salutes of artillery were fired during the repast. It would be difficult to conceive a meeting of a more imposing nature. The number of persons whom curiosity had led to the scene was immense. Double rations had been delivered to the soldiers. The discipline is so perfect in the Russian army, that this great movement was not accompained with the slightest disorder.

[*The Courier Sept.* 18.

OXFORDSHIRE ELECTION.—The election of a Member to represent the County of Oxford in Parliament took place on Thursday. A most severe contest was expected; but on Tuesday night Lord SUNDERLAND, as has already been stated, gave notice that he declined it. The High Sheriff opened the business of the day in the usual form. Mr. ASHHURST was proposed by Mr. STRATTON, and seconded by Mr. CLARKE, of Kingston, and after a few words from Mr. FANE, the Sheriff declared that WM. HENRY ASHHURST Esq. had been proposed and seconded, and that any Freeholder was at liberty to put any other Gentleman in nomination. Upon no other nomination taking place, the Sheriff declared that Mr. ASHHURST was duly elected. Thanks were voted to the Sheriff, and the Meeting was dissolved, after which they proceeded to the ceremony of chairing Mr. ASHHURST. A large party dined together at the Star Inn, to celebrate the election of Mr. ASHHURST. The House of BLENHIEM has met with no opposition, until this election, since the year 1754, when the great contest took place between WENHAM and DASHWOOD, and PARKER and TURNER. After a double return, a petition and a scrutiny before the House of Commons, PARKER & TURNER were declared Representatives of the county.

[*The Courier,—October* 17.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Mrs. MARDYN appeared last night in a new character—that of *Albina Mandeville*, in the comedy of *The Will*. This was the part in which Mrs. MARDYN, we are informed, made her *debut* on the Dublin stage, and in which she has always been popular with the Irish audience. The part of *Albina* bears, in some respects, no small resemblance to that of *Amelia Wildenheim*, so that Mr. MARDYN had to develope in both, a large proportion of the same species of talents. She discovered last night no contemptible fund of humour, with constant quickness and vivacity of apprehension. She acted beautifully in her assumption of the man's apparel—we have never seen a female (Mrs. JORDAN excepted) less awkward or ungraceful in its management. Mrs. MARDYN discovers all the attractions and professional excellencies in this character, which we have admired in her performance of *Amelia Wildenheim*; but it is necessary to add, she indulges likewise some of the faults. Her manner has rather too much gesticulation; the transitions in her tone of voice are somewhat too frequent, and she has not yet cured herself of that romping, rolling motion, when she attempts to skip over the stage, which we have formerly noticed as deserving her correction. She nevertheless must be pronounced a cultivated, elegant, and emphatic speaker—an actress endowed with spirit and sensiblity—of the beauties of her face and from—we are hardly sufficient connoisseurs to describe them so as to gratify one sex—nor moderate enough upon the subject to have our praises forgiven by the other. She was rapurously applauded throughout the play. The other performers had great merit—WALLACK's drunkenness was in perfect nature. RAE was very successful—LOVEGROVE in *Realize*, was a thoroughly hardened old knave, and DOWTON, we need not say, was an inimitable cynic. The comedy was given out for repetition this night, with extraordinary marks of approbation.

[*The Courier,—October* 18.

THE NATIONAL MONUMENT.

The celebrated Canova is said to be coming to this Court, where he will be consulted on the Monument to be erected in honour of the British Army. Upon the design for such a Monument we do not presume to give any opinion—but we may at least be permitted to suggest a scite for it. Some persons have proposed that it should be in Hyde or St. James's Park, to which we have this objection, that neither of those places is so much frequented as other parts of the capital. We lay it down as a principle that it should be erected on some public spot, where thousands must necessarily pass daily in their usual avocations. Foreigners, in visiting London, should also necessarily pass it, so that [illegible] the sight of the people [illegible] commemoration of whose glory and great[illegible] erected, and of the [illegible] foreign nations who may come [illegible] of the [illegible] nation. [illegible] Temple-bar [illegible] to us to be the [illegible] spot. It is the connecting point between the city of London and the city of Westminster; it is more frequented than any other part, and the passage might be so widened as to have the Monument seen at a considerable distance, and from all the bridges over the Thames—Nor is this all, we would have a spot, cleared between Somerset House and the grand Monument, for the purpose of having a National Temple erected, after the manner of the magnificent Temple of Athens at Rome. The Temple should be inscribed to those who have fought in this last great battle; and the name of every individual should be inscribed in the inside of the Temple, on the walls and pillars of marble.

Both these grand edifices would thus be eternal monuments of the glory of the British name, and of the gratitude of the British Nation They would also be splendid ornaments to the British Capital, London. indeed, may be justy said to combine more real comfort than all the other Capitals in the world united. It is a Capital in which the comfort of the poor is attended to as well as the convenience of the rich (witness our pavements). Paris, on the contrary, is the *Capital* in which the convenience of the rich seems to be almost exclusively consulted. London, indeed at the first glance, proclaims itself to be the capital of a nation of free men. But hitherto we have too little attended to the adorning and embellishing it by grand national edifices. We have no grand public Libraries—no national Museum for Paintings or for Statues. And yet what nation could better afford the expence, or could sooner eclipse all other countries? Besides, the expence would soon be repaid by the increased number of visitors that would be attracted from foreign parts. And what period was ever more seasonable for adopting such a great design than the present, when we have attained the highest point of national glory and prosperity, under a Prince who is himself so excellent a judge, and so liberal a patron of every thing connected with the Fine Arts.

FRENCH THEATRE.

PARIS, OCT. 16.

First Representation of La Pompe funebre, *a Vaudeville, in one Act.*

The Funeral Ceremony! This is a very dismal title for a Vaudeville, but it is singular, and that is a great thing in the eyes of certain authors with whom spirit and taste give place to extravagance, and who fancy they are strikingly original when they produce only a grotesque mass of absurdity. But it is needless to say much upon the title, though that may be excusable when there is little to say about the piece.

The subject is an old tale already dragged through twenty *Recueils*, and the same which old LAPLACE relates tediously enough in the book which he published under the title so poorly justified of *Pieces laterressantes pour servier à l' histoire et a la litterature.* The story is as follows:—

Two young provincial gentlemen travel to Paris in the same coach, and make a mutual communication of the projects which bring them to the capital. One of the two, who comes to conclude a very good marriage, is taken ill in alighting at the inn, and expires the next day. His travelling companion consider it his duty to apprise the family of the lady, who are expecting the arrival of the bridegroom, of this melancholy event. He sees the young lady thus widowed before marriage, thinks her beautiful, and immediately takes the name of the deceased. He is well received, entertained caressed; but, in the midst of a fete, of which he is th, object, he recollects, that he is engaged to superintend the funeral. He looks at his watch and rises suddenly to take leave of the company. They endeavour to detain him, he preteads he has indispensable business. They wish to know it. How can he have any secrets with his own family? He yields, and says, in a solemn tone, "Six o'clock is the hour appointed for my interment, and I cannot stop a moment longer." He then hastily departs, & the whole company, after some moments astonishment and silence, exclaim against a proceeding so unpolite, and a joke so clumsy and illtimed.

This young man, whom they before thought so amiable, becomes now an impertinent fool. However, as he had mentioned the hotel in which he lodged, several persons take a fancy to go there: but what is there? They find the door hung with black, and a funeral procession just moving off. They ask the deceased, and they are told that of the young stranger, with whom they were at table an hour before. The miracle is not explained until after several months.

Such is the foundation upon which M. HENRI DUPIN has constructed his *Vaudeville*, carefully avoiding, according to his custom, to give any thing to the subject which does not absolutely belong to it. The simple recital of the story is much more singular than the piece; in vain has M. DUPIN, in the hope of being spirited and witty, transported the scene to Pezenas, and filled it with Gascons; but he has not the language himself, and his actors are equally ignorant of it. However the cards of invitation to *Pompe funebre* have not been cards of interment. The piece is not dead, and was but slightly wounded by hisses.

[*The Courier,—October* 21.

FROM COBBETT'S POLITICAL REGISTER.

LETTER IX.

TO LORD CASTLEREAGH.

ON THE TREATMENT OF NAPOLEON.

Botley, 8th August, 1815.

MY LORD—In my last letter I proposed, at a future time, to offer you some remarks upon this subject. Before this reaches the press, it will probably, be known, that what has been so long talked of, namely, the banishment of this *truly* illustrious manto *St. Helena*, has actually taken place. Indeed, it is asserted, in the Courier, that he is now on the voyage, in a squadron under the command of that same Admiral Cockburn, who has been lately performing such memorable exploits on the coast of America, especially at the city of Washington, the towns of Havre de Grace, Fredericktown and Georgetown, and Cumberland, and St. Mary's island; and whose present command has, perhaps, been conferred as a mark of the approbation of our government merited by those expicits.

If this be really the fact, I suppose I must have been greatly in error as to my view of Neapoleon's case. Nevertheless, I cannot refrain from stating what that view was, expecting, by some one or other, to be shewn in what way I have erred. This appears to me to be very necessary; because, there are many, even in England, who think with me; and in other countries there are, perhaps, a great many, millions, whose opinions, are not to be wholly despised.

Napoleon appears to me to be a *prisoner of war*. If he had been captured, either on the shore or the sea, he must have been merely a prisoner of war. The circumstance of surrender cannot alter the case. He was a foreigner at war against us. Being disarmed, & professing his desire to go to a neutral country, we might have suffered him to pass; but at any rate, I want to be greatly enlightened to enable me to discover in this truly illustrious person any character to justify even temporary d tention, other than thatof *prisoner of war*. Viewing him in this light, I expected to see him at large on his parole; or at most, detained in safe custody until the conclusion of the war with that country to which he belonged, and whose armies he had combated If he had been acknowledged by us to be the *sovereign* of France, ancient usage would have justified the demanding of a *ransom* previous to his release. But it is notorious, that we did not acknowledge him in that light? and, therefore, I should be glad to know, *whence we derive our right* to treat him in any way, in which the law of nations would not justify us in treating any, or all, of the officers, who were made prisoners at the battle of Warterloo; for be it observed, that every man, who is made a prisoner of war, surrenders, and in virtue of that, not only claims the sparing of his life, but also the right of being treating as a prisoner of war, that is to say, with humanity and civility, a d with no degree of rigour not absolutely necessary to his *safekeeping*

Banishment, next to death, is the severest of punishments allotted to well known and clearly defined *crimes*. But Napoleon has committed *no crime* against our laws. He *cannot* have committed any such crime; because he never, till now was within the dominions of England. When, in the Bellerophon, at Torbay, he might have demanded a *writ of habeas Corpus*, and I believe, no judge could have legally refused to grant that writ. Brought before the Judge, his release would have been objected to by the Attorney General upon one of two grounds; then he was a *prisoner of war*, and therefore, legally detained: or, that he was an *alien*, and therefore during the war, at the disposal of the Secretary of State, under the provisions of the *Alien Act*.

I put it to any *lawyer*, whether a different mode of opposition to the writ could *legally* have been pursued: If I am correct, then, on what ground has he been consigned to banishment? He was, for many days, WITHIN THIS KINGDOM; and if the account in the news-papers be true, he has now been *transported beyond the seas*, without charge legally preferred, without trial, without the consent or even cognizance of any known court or magistracy. Mr. Leigh Hunt, whose notes appear to have become more dulcet since his dwelling in the Attorney General's cage, in a sonnet, lately honoured with a place in the Courier, represents England as the fair seat of liberty, and as having such a *charm* in the very nature of her *soil*, that even the *slave*, the moment he sets his foot on it, *becomes free*. Napoleon was not suffered to set his foot on this wonder-working *soil*; but it is well known to your Lorship that the Bellerophon was *in the county of Devon*, and that Napoleon was in the Bellerophon. It is well known to your Lordship, that, if he had committed a murder in that ship he must have been brought on shore and tried at Exeter. It is also on record, that Frenchmen, prisoners of war on board those hulks, of which Napoleon spoke in his address to his army before the battle of Warterloo, and which Frenchmen were charged with forgery were brought on shore, tried and hanged. It is also well known that other prisoners, having killed a man in their attempt to escape from those hulks, were brought to Winchester, tried and hanged.

It being clear, then, that from the moment he arrived in Torbay, Napoleon became subject to, and was under the protection of *the laws of England*. I should be glad to know *what part of that law* it is which has sanctioned his being punished with banishment beyond the seas, or, indeed, which has being punished in any way whatever.

The laws of England say, that No Man *being within the dominion of England*, shall be punished *in any degree whatever except according to law*. Napoleon was *within the dominion of England*. According to *what law*, then, has he been punished? According to what law has he been transported beyond the seas? Where are we to look for the record of his crime, trial, conviction and sentence?

The base and bloody-minded men, who have been bawling for *public trial of Napoleon*, do not seem to have been aware, that if arranged, he *must* have been acquitted, unless we were to adopt the monstrous supposition, that the Judge and the Jury would all have been guilty of wilful perjury. For, to have

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tified conviction, it *must* have been proved, that he committed some crime *within the jurisdiction of the court*; and, it is well known, that it would have been *impossible* to prove that, seeing that he never was within that jurisdiction, until his arrival in Torbay.

If I am right in my opinion as to the *law* of this case, *how are any of us to know that we are safe*? Here is a man transported without trial, without any law to authorise the act. And, if one man can be so treated, why not *another man*? it does not signify who the man is or what he has been. He is the man who will give his name to the age in which he has lived. His renown will swallow up that of all other men. But that is no matter. In the eye of the law, he is a mere man who was in the county of Devon, and, as the Courier tells me, has been transported from that county beyond the seas, without a trial. Now, if *one* man can be thus transported from the county of Devon why not another; why not any man? Why any more trials, previous to transportation?

Had any *act of parliament* been passed to authorize this deed, we might have criticised the act of parliament: but there would, then, have been *law* for what is said to have been done. As things stand, there appears to be *no law* for it: and thus I leave this part of the subject without hoping ever to see the transaction properly commenced on, till the subject comes back to us, fearlessly discussed, through the American press, in the same style as they have there recently spoken of the affair of the *American prisoners at Dartmoor*.

I now proceed to notice other parts of the reported treatment of this *truly* illustrious man. I know nothing of the matter, of course, but what the newspapers convey to me,; and, that, if true, is quite enough in all conscience. The Courier has told us, that for some time, Napoleon was treated, by our officers, as a person of *superior degree*. That they showed him all the respect usually shewn to the sovereign of a country; and behaved to him as they would have behaved to him at Paris when he was in the height of his power. As this behaviour was the natural effect of just sentiments; as it was perfectly natural that brave and generous minds should be ever solicitous to suffer not the smallest suspicion to exist of their desire, to add to the mortification which the bravest of the brave must experience in his fall, it was well calculated to shock the nation, when it was told by this same newspaper, that "ORDERS had been SENT DOWN to discontinue those demonstrations," and to treat the Chief, with whom we we once made a treaty, including the cession to us of Trinadad and Ceylon, belonging to Spain and Holland, "merely as a *general officer*.

But the most extraordinary piece of intelligence contained in the following article, from the Courier of the 7th instant.—"*Plymouth Aug.* 4—The *Bellerophon* with Napoleon on board got under weigh this morning, and stood to the South West? she is now nearly, out of sight, followed by the *Eurotas*. Lord Keith, the Commander in Chief of the Channel fleet, has hoisted his flag in the *Tonnant*; Admiral Hallowell who had his flag there, has struck it in that ship for the time. Lord Keith is now working out in the *Tonnant*, and is to *proceed to a certain Latitude*, where the Northumberland is to meet & *where Lord Keith will transfer* Napoleon *into that ship which will carry him to his distination He says he never will quit the Bellerophon alive to go to St. Helena that* he has no objection to be "shut up in the Tower or in any part of England, or to have a person constantly with him: but to St. Helena he "never will go. *We shall soon see whether he will put his threat in execution of destroying himself.* It is said, that Bertrand and family will be allowed to accompany him: but that Savary and Allemand not. The *Northumberland* with the *Hydra* frigate, two troop ships & four sloops of war, will form the squadron to watch St. Helena, and carry out the troops. The *explosion* only came down *In the night to send* off the *Bellerophon*, and MAKE THE EXCHANGE AT SEA."

Ah! my Lord, if this were to be the last years of the duration of the world; or, if there were no other country but this; and if in this, the state of the press and men's minds was always to remain what it now is; then, indeed, publications like the present would be of little consequence. But, the world will live beyond this year. There are other lands peopled by men. The people of England, when they have had time to cool and reflect, will return to those sentiments of justice and generosity by which they were formerly characterised.

This statement, surely never can be true. There is something so humiliating in the idea of *precautions* like these? I expected to see Napoleon *in England*. I thought that our ambition would have been to have this conqueror of so many kings a captive on our shores. I promised myself and my sons the honour of making him a bow. And, *why* not put him in the Tower? Surely he could have done no harm there; At least, why not gratify the hundreds of thousands, who, at the risk of their lives have flocked to see him from distances of hundreds of miles, with the sight of his removal from the custody of a Maitland to that of a Cockburn.

To proceed to a certain latitude." The removal to be made in "*a certain latitude*!" An Admiral to *go to see the thing done.*" It never can be true. It would stink in the nostrils of the world for ages to come.

To see the fallen Eagle assailed by the Owls and Bats of our hood-winking press and their like is by no means surprizing; but they have not, upon this occasion been able to communicate their base malice to the notion. All reports represent the crowds that have pressed round the Bellerophon as testifying the profound respect for the object of ther curiosity. Happy it would be if the sight of all princes, even in the height of their power, elicited the expression of such feeling. What! the owls and bats, at the close of twelve years of unbridled calumnies, have not been able to extort a single hiss, a single expression of disrespect, towards the man, whom they described all that is odious & wicked! What? Have they now to *complain* of the *people of England* for their love and admiration of him, whom they have long taught them to loath and despise! What then would have been their *confusion*, if he had been led captive to London?

From a state of insensibility the body is often roused to new and extraordinary exertion by the infliction of some sudden blow, so it is sometimes with the mind, and especially with the public mind. Consciousness of error when one error is discovered, generally more than repays the deluder for this mischief. Let the Owls and Bats beware, therefore, of that reaction, which is preparing for them by promises which they can never fulfil, and expectations which they must disappoint. To the benefit of *further* successes they cannot now prevail even upon ideots to look; and, with Napoleon a captive in our hands, the depression and gloom that prevail exceed those of all former times.

Where are *now* the fetes, the galas, the bonfires, the illuminations, the ox-roastings, the temples of victory, and the triumphal exhibitions of the Serpentine River? Napoleon is fallen for ever; he is in *your* hands; and yet the deepest gloom is written upon the face of the nation. The "disturber of the world," as the Owls call him, is down; but the means used to put him down are now recoiling upon ourselves; as the quackery which quiets toothache finishes its work by destroying the tooth.

Botley, 9th of August, 1815.

Since writing the above, my Lord, the Courier of yesterday has brought me the following paragraphs, on which when I have inspected them I shall offer you some remarks. I choose to make my extracts from this particular paper, because I would not be charged with referring to the authority of those who have any feelings in favour of the illustrious captive; and because this paper is well known to have published, for years, always on the side of what is called the *ministry*.

"*Torbay, August* 6.—Three sail of the line and a sloop of war came to anchor this afternoon near this day but *at such a distance from the shore as to prevent any one distinctly seeing what they were about.* One of the ships bore the flag of an Admiral, and is, no doubt, the *Northumberland*. There is also little doubt, that she has been receiving on board Napoleon Buonaparté, as boats have been passing constantly from one ship to the other; they are now all under weigh, with a fine breeze at W. N. W. and will soon be out of sight. *There has been no communication whatever between them and the shore.*

"*Plymouth. August* 6.—On Thursday Bounaparté refused to exhibit himself, and on Friday he quitted the Sound. The principal time for beholding his whole figure has generaly been a little before six o'clock, just previous to his dinner hour, at which time the mass of surrounding boats exceeded both in breadth and length every thing that can be imagined concerning it, particularly on monday, when 1000 *Boats and* 10,000 *Persons, at least, were supposed to be congregated*, partly attracted by the ex-imperial phenomenon, and partly by a wish to see the Breakwater, only a few hundred yards from the *Bellerophon*, where, to their surprise, they found a supply of porter, biscuits, fruit, and even tea, coffee, and cream: on which, after viewing the chief object, several thousands landed, at low water, absolutely covering its extent with population.

"ON SUNDAY we REGRET TO SAY, *a large portion of the spectators not only took off their hats but cheered him apparently with the view of soothing his fallen fortunes, and treating him with respect and consideration*;—him whose whole life has been a series of exultations in the calamities of others!

"A *rumour* has been circulated that the *Bellerophon* quitted the sound to *evade the service of a habeas corpus*, applied for by Buonaparté. This is *too ridiculous* to be credited.

"ON TUESDAY, *orders came down for restraining all boats to a cable and a half distance from the Bellerophon*, when the captive complaining that he was indisposed, closely confined himself in his cabin, from which indescribable disappointment was occasioned to those who had gone out to see him. The *precaution adopted*, with respect to the boats, arose, *we understand from a foreign spy being detected hovering around the ship with letters addressed to Buonaparté*, and without a passport, who could give no account of himself. He is in custody.

"Buonaparté's property, excepting what may be absolutely necessary for his use, has been *sealed up*, and *is to be kept in England*, in order to prevent him *from committing bribery*, but he will be at liberty to bequeath it to any person he may like *at his death*

"Some of his linen, sent ashore to be washed, appeared exceedingly fine in its texture, and has been *held in such esteem that many individuals here have temporarily put on one of his shirts, waistcoats, or neckcloths, merely for the purpose of saying that they had worn his clothes!* BLIND INFATUATION!"

Glorious triumph! Of all these matchless hero's victories, this is the *greatest*. It is a victory over prejudice, deep-rooted prejudice, the work of twenty years of calumnies, and of wars that have cost sixteen hundred millions of pounds sterling to England. At Napoleon's return from Elba I exulted; every soul around me exulted, because we thought that the event would lead to the good of England. But this victory draws forth tears of joy, because it reconciles me to my countrymen; because it proves, most indubitably proves, that, though Englishmen may be deceived, may, by the long exertions of crafts, be induced to adopt unjust and ungenerous sentiments, justice and generosity can never be wholly torn from their heart; and more especially because it is now evident, that in those hearts the sacred flame of liberty has not even yet been extinguished.

Let me now, if I can, look a little calmly at the several parts of this soul-touching scene. What! the ships were *kept at such a distance from the shore as to prevent any one seeing distinctly what they were about? No communication whatever between them and the shore!* It has been rumoured that the ship *quitted the sound to evade the service of a Habeas Corpus applied for by Napoleon;* On SUNDAY, (mark the date) *the people took off their hats, and cheered Napoleon, in token of sorrow and respect*: and, on TUESDAY (mark the date again) ORDERS CAME DOWN *to keep the people at a cable and a half's distance from the ship*? But this was because a *foreign spy* wished to *deliver letters* to the illustrious captive.

Ah! my Lord, what a *tale* is this to tell to the world! *Who* was this foreign spy? What is his *name*? *Who* took him up? *Where* is he? *When* is he to be brought to trial? who is to try him? Has he vanished into *air*, Oh! what a tale to tell the world! And why not suffer Napoleon to receive *letters*? Was it supposed, that the letters contained a detachment of his gallant armies? Was it still feared that he had the power to contest? And, *Where are* these letters? *Who* was it that wrote to him; *Englishmen*, if any body did, as they had a *right* to do it: and as they have a right to do it still, unless you pass a law to forbid them.

It was only *rumoured*, that the ship drew off *to evade the service of a Habeas Corpus*. But, she did move away. And how came it to be *rumoured*? Rumour, or more than rumour, it shows that that the thought occurred to somebody; that I was not singular in my opinions as to the law of the case. This transaction, if I suppose it never to be canvassed in England, is before the Tribunal of the World.

Napoleon's property is sealed up and to be kept in England! And who is to keep it? Who is to select the keeper of it? Where is the law for doing any of these acts? *Who* his done them? Where is the *warrant*, for the *seizure*? And then, what is the reason for doing it, "To prevent him from *committing bribery*" Bribery and Corruption are, to be *sure*, my Lord Castlereagh, most infamous, and ought to subject the perpetrator to the chopping off of his ears and the splitting of his nose, Only the most base of villains will be guilty of them, and they always ought, and generally do bring down execration upon the heads of him, who practices such means to carrying his ends, and to fling out whose vile carcass as food for carrion crows, is the bounden duty of a nation. But, who can suspect the brave Napoleon of using such means? Who can suspect of such an act of him who is precisely the opposite of a filthy and odious trafficker in corruption; of a dirty wily prostituted knave, who, with religion upon his lips, would buy and sell the souls of men, in order to secure the means of playing the tyrant with impunity. Napoleon's life shews, that he is the exact opposite of such a cold-blooded, remorseless, black-hearted ruffian, who must be detested though life and whose name must be synonymous with infamy to all posterity.

And besides, my Lord Castlereagh how can Napoleon be suspected of a capacity to bribe? He is, we are told, to be commited to the safe keeping of the *English army* on the land and the *English Navy* by sea; and no foreign ships are to be suffered to approach the shore. *Who* is he to bribe, then? Is it the rocks, or the waves, or the clouds, that he is to bribe? *Why*, then not leave his property in his hands? Why *seize* hold of that? Oh! my Lord, what a tale is here told to the world by the Courier! I hope that *this*, at any rate is not true.

But, we are told, he is to have the *liberty* to bequeath his property at his *death*. So you see, this Screech Owl! begins already to toll his knell. The ominous bird begins already to snuff mortality! But, *what fiends*, I ask, is to know when the illustrious captive *dies*? Who is to *produce his will*? Who is to be his *executor*? And *who* is to have the property *forthcoming*! Suppose he makes no will, who is to be *his heir at law*? It never can be. The morality of a high way robber, would be shocked at the deed. *This*, therefore, I must regard as a story fabricated by this mercenary and detestable tribe.

Though I fear, that I shall have already wearied the patience of your Lordship, I cannot refrain from returning, for one minute, to the interesting scenes at Plymouth and in the Sound.

The Owls and Bats relate with REGRET, that the people in the boats saluted Napoleon with demonstrations of sorrow and of respect And, *whowere* these people; Not the *rabble*. Not the noisy and drunken mob, who ran after the King and Old Blucher. No; for such could not get out in boats that cost, perhaps, from 20 to 50 guineas a day. Nor the persons, who, in this feeling manner applauded Napoleon, had come, as we are told, from *all parts of the country*, from 10 to 20 miles, They were tradesmen, farmers, gentlemen; in short, a fair specimen of the nation, whose sentiments they so honorably expressed, and whose character they did their best to vindicate.

The Owls and Bats exclaim, "BLIND INFATUATION!, in describing persons craving the honor to put on, for a moment, a shirt, a waistcoat a neck cloth, of Napoleon. No, my Lord, it was not *blind infatuation*. It was indeed, a proof of *enthusiasm* but it was an enthusiasm inspired by just, though ardent, feeling. The idea, that the people of Rome would if they had known the good intentions of *Cæsar* toward them, have asked a *hair* of him for memory, is naturally looked upon as an exaggeration justified only by poetical licence; but here is an historical fact far ourpassing that exaggeration; for Napoleon had never seen a champion of England; he had, for 23 years, been openly at war with her government, and had the calumnies of the English press poured forth against him duing the whole of that time. The *hairs* of Napoleon would not be *asked*! they would, if it were possible, be *purchased* with their number of pounds by men like those whose generous sentiments burst forth upon this ever memorable occasion.

How ardent the mind, how lively the feeling that could discover this mode of gratification;—that could seek out even the linen of the object of its admiration!—that could imagine it a fort of glory to have barely touched any thing that had one been touched by him! Verily my Lord, if he had been only suffered *to set his foot on the land* the honours paid by the people to the Kings and Old Blucher would have experienced a most humiliating contrast. He never could have been taken to London. The whole nation would have come out to meet and escort him. How little now appear all the assembled sovereigns, compared with Napoleon—powerless, Napoleon—penyless, bare naked Napoleon! if the whole of them and all their Generals; if all the Princes and Potentates upon the face of the earth, had been standing upon the deck of the Bellerophon, for a year, with their crowns and tiaras upon their heads, so many of the people of England would not have been attracted to the spot.

The anecdote of the *shirts* and *neck-cloths*, and which, if it had been *possible* would have been *suppressed*, is quite decisive. The Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and Old Blucher, where here for a good while. I did indeed, hear, through the news-papers, of some fifty women of fashion who slobbered the whiskers of the latter, & of some maid who squeezed his hand; but I never heard of people hunting out their linen; and notwithstanding our own sovereign and his royal sons are so much beloved and admired, I have never heard, that any of even our own people, resorted to this mode of evinging their enthusiastic admiration.

Having, in the time of his power, been the object of open and unbounded popular applause in every other country of a world resounding with a relation of his exploits; having awakened an expression of enthusiastic attachment in all but English breasts, it remained for him, in his fall, to demonstrate, that the voice of mankind was unanimous. Thus goes Napoleon; and, oh! it is from the shores of England that he goes; followed by the most anxious wishes for his preservation and happiness, and leaving behind him a name that will be dear to the millions of Europe as long as justice and gratitude shall be known amongst men.

WM. COBBETT

I shall be much obliged to any gentlemen, who happened to be present on the *Sunday* of which the the Courier speaks, to give me, by letter, a particular account of what passed; of the expression, the *words*, that were made use of by any of the people, upon that occasion, by far the most interesting that England ever witnessed.—I shall also be obliged to any gentlemen who will send me an account of what has been done with the General and other persons, who came with Napoleon,—I shall be much deceived if even they are landed in any part of England.—However, I should be glad to have some true information upon the subject.—The writer will be so good as to *pay the postage*, as I am, in self-defence, obliged to refuse all letters not postage paid,

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THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

BY WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

The Pen of the Poet has never been more honorably employed, than in recording the achievements of the gallant dead, and alleviating the afflictions of their surviving relicts! The present little poem is published for the benefit of the Waterloo Fund; and, if it does not possess all the polish and harmony of Marmion, it evinces its author by many animated descriptions and well-drawn scenes, as the following extracts will shew.—The poem opens with a poetical sketch of the scenery between Brussels and Waterloo, drawn from personal observation, and consequently correct. The straight embankments of the low countries, planted on each side with lofty trees, which meet overhead, and form the common roads, are well sketched in the following lines:—

Stems planted close by stems defy
The adventurous foot, the curious eye
For access seeks in vain;
And the brown tapestry of leaves,
Strew'd on the blighted ground, receives
Nor sun, air, nor rain.
No opening glade dawn on our way,
No streamlet glancing to the ray,
Our woodland path has cross'd;
And the straight causeway which we tread,
Prolongs a line of dull arcade,
Unvarying through the unvaried shape,
Until in distance lost,

The field of Waterloo is next described, as presenting nothing which could excite the slightest idea of the memorable event which so recently has immortalised it.—The battle is next described with very considerable animation. Napoleon harangues his Guards thus:—

On! On! was still his stern exclaim,
Confront the battery's jaws of flame!
Rush on the levelled gun;
My steel-clad Cuirassiers of France,
Each Hulan forward [illegible] France,
My Guard—my c[illegible] France,
France and N[illegible]
Immortal Welli[illegible] hot-
test of the fire, to[illegible]

In action prompt, in sentence brief,
"Soldiers, stand firm," exclaimed the Chief,
"*England shall tell the fight!*"

This sentence is represented as electrifying every British heart, & the battle rages with tenfold Violence,

In one dark torrent, broad and strong,
The advancing onset roll'ed along,
Forth harbinger'd by fierce acclaim
And from the shroud of smoke and flame,
Pealed wildly the Imperial name!
But on the British heart were lost,
The terrors of the charging host;
For not an eye the storm that viewed,
Chang'd its proud glance of fortitude;
Nor was one forward footstep staid,
As dropt the dying and the dead.

At length, during a momentary dispersion of the smoke, the British ranks discern those of the enemy close at hand, and dashing on them with irresistible fury—

Down were the eagle banners sent,
Down reeling steeds and riders went,
Corslets were pierced, and pennons rent,
And to augment the fray,
Wheeled full against their staggering flanks,
The English horsemen's foaming ranks,
Forced their resistless way.
Then to the musket-knell succeeds
The clash of swords—the neigh of steeds—
As plies the smith his clanging trade,
Against the cuirass rang the blade.

During the scene of confusion and dismay among the enemy, Wellington seizes the auspicious moment, and, by a bold and decisive advance, decides the fate of this memorable day, and with it the fate of empires!

Then, Wellington, thy piercing eye
This crisis caught of destiny—
The British host had stood
That morn' gainst charge of sword and lance,
As their old ocean-rocks hold stance;
But when thy voice had said "Advance!"
They were their ocean's flood.

As the French army breaks and gives way, the poet, in a fine strain of irony, satirizes the pusillanimity of the Usurper, in not dying amid his warriors, sword in hand, instead of flying to Paris to implore the protection and assistance of the jacobin party. The poet's sentiments respecting the reception of Napoleon in this country may be gathered from the following lines;—

Then safely come—in one so low,
So lost, we cannot own a foe;
Though dear experience bid us end,
In thee we ne'er can hail a friend,
Come howsoe'er—but do not hide
Close in thy heart that germ of pride,
Erewhile by gifted bard espied,
That "yet Imperial Hope:"
Think not that for a fresh rebound,
To raise Ambition from the ground,
We yield thee means or scope.
In safety come—but ne'er again,
Hold type of independent reign,
No Islet calls thee Lord:
We leave thee no confederate band,
No symbol of thy lost command,
To be a dagger in the hand.
From which we wrench'd the sword!

To Wellington the following fine apostrophe is made;

But thou whose deed of fame renewed,
Bankrupt a nation's gratitude,
To thine own noble heart must owe,
More than the meed she can bestow,
For not a people's just acclaim,
Not the full hail of Europe's fame—
Thy prince's smiles—thy state's decrees—
The ducal rank, the gartered knee—
Not these such pure delight afford,
As that when hanging up thy sword,
Well may'st thou think, "This honest steel
Was ever drawn for public weal;
And, such was rightful Heaven's decree
Ne'er sheathed unless with Victory!"

The poem concludes with an affecting [illegible] distress occasioned by the loss of so many he[illegible] field of Waterloo;—

Alas! what links of love that morn,
Has war's rude hand asunder torn!
Here, piled in common slaughter, slee[illegible]
Those whom affection long shall weep
Here rests the Sire, that ne'er shall st[illegible]
His orphans to his heart again;
The Son, whom on his native shore,
The parents' voice shall bless no mor[illegible]
The *Bridegrooms*, who has hardly [illegible]
His blushing consort to his breast;
The *Husband*, whom, through many a yea[illegible]
Long love and mutual faith endear;
Thou canst not name one tender tie.
But here, dissolved, its relicks lie!

*** The object of the sale of the Poem being to alleviate the misery produced by the dissolution of so many tender ties, we trust that the foregoing specimens will induce the liberal and patriotic reader to peruse the original, and thereby contribute his mite to the general stock of benevolence.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

For July.

MR. EDITOR,

Having just perused some part of the "Select and Posthumous Works" of the celebrated M. de la Harpe, of the French Academy, which were recently published at Paris, in four volumes, quarto, I beg leave to submit to you the following extract, which has appeared to me so extraordinary in its nature, and so striking in its contents, that you may perhaps be disposed to insert it in your interesting Journal, for the consideration and reflection of your readers. The Editor makes no remarks upon it, but relates it simply in these words:—

"The following very curious note was found among the papers of M. de la Harpe, after his death:—It appears to me as if it were but yesterday; and it was, nevertheless, in the beginning of the year 1788: we were at the table of a brother academician, who was of the highest rank, and a man of talents. The company was numerous, and of all kinds; courtiers, advocates, literary men, academicians, &c. We had been, as usual, luxuriously entertained; and at the desert of wines of Malvoise and the Cape added to the natural gaiety of good company that kind of social freedom which sometimes stretches beyond the rigid decorum of it. In short, we were in a state to allow of any thing that would produce mirth. Chamfort had been reading some of his impious libertine tales, and the fine ladies had heard them, without once making use of their fans. A deluge of pleasantries on religion then succeeded; one gave a quotation from the *Pucelle d'Orleans*; another recollected and applauded the philosophical distich of Diderot.

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Et des boyaux du dernier prêtre,

Serrez le cou du dernier roi.

And of the last priest's entrails form the string
Around the neck of the last King

A third rises, and, with a bumper in his hand, 'Yes, gentlemen,' he exclaims, 'I am as sure that there is no god as I am certain that Homer is a fool.' The conversation afterwards took a more serious turn, and the most ardent admiration was expressed of the Revolution which Voltaire had produced; and they all agreed that it formed the brightest ray of his glory. 'He has given the ton to his age, & has contrived to be read in the anti chamber, as well as in the drawing-room.' One of the company mentioned, and almost burst with laughter at the circumstance, that his hair dresser had said, while he was powdering him, 'Look you, sir, though I am nothing but a poor journeyman barber, I have no more religion than another man.' It was concluded that the revolution would soon be consummated, and that it was absolutely necessary for superstition and fanaticism to give place to philosophy. The probability of this epoch was then calculated, and which of the company present would live to see the *reign of Reason*. The elder part of them lamented that they could not flatter themselves with the hope of enjoying such a pleasure: while the younger part rejoiced in the expectation that they should witness it. The Academy was felicitated for having prepared the grand work, and being, at the same time, the strong hold, the centre, and the moving principle of *freedom of thought*. There was only one of the guests who had not shared in the delights of this conversation; he had even ventured, in a quiet way to start a few pleasantries on our noble anthusiasm. It was Cazotte, an amiable man, of an original turn of mind, but unfortunately infatuated with the reveries of the *illuminati*. He renewed the conversation in a serious tone, and in the following manner:—'Gentlemen,' said he,' be satisfied you will see this grand and sublime revolution. You know that I am something of a prophet and I repeat, that you will see it"—He was answered by the common expression., *'It is not' necessary* to be a great *conjuror to foretel that* —'Agreed; but perhaps, it may be necessary to be some thing more, respecting what I am going to tell you. Have you any idea of what will result from this *revolution*? What will happen to yourselves, to every one of you now present; what will be the immediate progress of it, with its certain effects and consequences?'—'Oh,' said Condorcet, with his silly and saturnine laugh, 'let us know all about it; a philosopher can have no objection to meet a prophet.'—'You, M. Condorcet, will expire on the pavement of a dongeon; you will die of the poison which you will have taken to escape from the execution— poison which the happy state of that period will render it necessary that you should carry about you.—At first there appeared a considerable degree of astonishment; but it was soon recollected that Cazotte was in the habit of dreaming when he was awake, and he was asked as loud as laughter, Cazotte the [illegible] have just told us is not the present age *amoureux*.' For what devil has put this in your head this poison and these hangmen in your head? What can these things have in common with *Philosophy and the reign of Reason*—'That is precisely what I am telling you. It will be in the name of philosophy of, humanity, & of liberty: it will be under the reign of Reason, that what I have foretold will happen to you. It will then indeed, be the reign of Reason! for she will have temples erected to her honor. Nay, throughout France, there will be no other places of public worship but the temples of Reason.'—'In faith,' said Chamfort, with one of his sarcastic smiles, you will not, however be officiating priest in any of these temples'—'I hope not; but, you M. Chamfort, will be well worthy of that distinction; for you will cut your self across the veins with twenty-two strokes of a razor, and will nevertheless survive the attempt for some months'—They all looked at him, and continued to laugh.—'You, M. Vicq d'Azy, you will not open your veins yourself, but you will order them to be opened six times in one day during a paroxysm of the gout, in order that you may not fail in your purpose, and you will die during the night.'—'As for you, Mr. de Nicolai, you will die on the Scaffold: M. Bailly so will you; and so will you, M. Malesherbes.'—Oh. Heavens!' said Roucher, 'it appears that his vengeance is levelled solely against the Academy: he has just made a most horrible execution of the whole of it; now tell me my fate, in the name of mercy;'—'You will also die on the Scaffold.—'Oh!' it was universally exclaimed, 'he has sworn to exterminate the whole of us.'—'No, it is not I who have sworn it.'—'Are we, then, to be subjugated by Turks and Tartars? —'By no means; I have already told you, that you will be governed by Reason and Philosophy alone. Those who will treat you as I have described, will all of them be philosophers; will be continually uttering the same phrases that you have been repeating for the last hour, will deliver all your maxims, and will quote you as you have done Diderot and the Pucelle.'—'Oh,' it was whispered, 'the man is out of his senses;' for during the whole of the conversation, his features never underwent the least change.—'Oh, no,' said another, 'you must perceive that he is laughing at us; for he always blends the marvellous, with his pleasantries'—'Yes,' answered Chamfort, 'the marvellous with him is never enlivened with gaiety. He always looks as if he were going to be hanged. But when will all his happen? —'Six years will not have passed away, before all which I have told you will be accomplished.' —Here, indeed, is plenty of miracles.,' (it was myself, says M. de la Harpe, who now spoke,) and you set me down for nothing.'—'You will yourself be a miracle as extraordinary as any which I have told. You will then be a *Christian*'—Loud exclamations immediately followed. —'Ah,' replied Chamfort, 'all my fears are removed; for if we are not doomed to perish till la Harpe becomes a Christian, we shall be immortal.'—'As for us women,' said the Duchess D' Grammont, 'it is very fortunate that we are considered as nothing in these revolutions. Not that we are totally discharged from all concern in them; but it is understood in such cases we are left to ourselves. Our sex—"—"Your sex, ladies, will be no guarantee to you in these times. It will make no difference whatever whether you interfere or not. You will be treated precisely as the men; no distinction will be made between you'—But what does all this mean, M. Cazotte? You are surely preaching to us about the end of the world.'—I know no more of that my Lady Duchess, than yourself; but this I know, that you will be conducted to the scaffold, with several other ladies along with you, in the cart of the executioner, with your hands tied behind you.' —I hope sir, that in such a case I shall be allowed at least a coach hung with black.'—,No, madam, you will not have that indulgence; ladies of higher rank than you will be drawn in a cart as you will be, with their hands tied as yours will be, and to the same fate as that to which you are destined'—'Ladies of higher rank than myself? What Princes of the Blood?'—Greater still.'— Here there was a very sensible emotion throughout the company, and the countenance of the master of the mansion wore a very grave and solemn aspect; it was, indeed, very generally observed, that this pleasantry was carried rather too far. Madame de Grammont, in order to disperse the cloud which seemed to be approaching, made no reply to this last answer, but contented herself with saying, with an air of gaiety, *you see he will not leave me a confessor*.'—No, madame, that consolation will be denied to all of you. The last person led to the scaffold, who will be allowed a confessor as the greatest of favour, will be .....' Here he paused for a moment.—'And who, then, is the happy mortal who will be allowed to enjoy this prerogative?'—, It is the only one which will be left to him; it will be—the King of France'—The master of the house now [illegible] mentioned any thing respecting your own'—After a few minutes of silence, with his eyes fixed to the ground, 'Madame,' he replied, have you read the the siege of Jerusalem, as related by Josephus? —'To be sure I have, and who has not.? But you may suppose, if you please, that I know nothing about it'—Then you must know, madame, that during the seige of Jerusalem, a man, for seven successive days, went round he ramparts of that city in the sight of the beseigers and the besieged, crying incessantly, in a loud & inauspicious voice, *Woe to Jerusalem;* & on the seventh day he cried, *Woe to Jerusalem and to myself!* at that very moment, an enormous stone thrown by the machines of the enemy dashed him in pieces, —M.Cazotte then made his bow, and retired"

Such, sir, is the extraordinary paper which M. dela Harpe left behind him. I have observed, in the beginning, that the editor of his work makes no remarks upon it; neither shall I venture to offer any; but you who are so well acquainted with the events of the last twenty five years, cannot fail to know that the whole of the predictions here ascribed to M. Cazotte were literally fulfilled.

YESTERDAY the 11th Instant, the day appointed for the public Investiture of His Excellency the Governor with the Insignia of Knight Grand Cross of the most Honorable Military Order of the Bath, at the hour Eight in the morning, the Royal Standard was hoisted on the Flag Staff at the Palace, and the British Colours were displayed on all the Forts of the Island, and at the same time the Troops repaired to the several Posts allotted to them in the Ceremonial.

The Royal Standard was also hoisted by the Leviathan, Trident, and other Men of War in the Great Harbour, dressed in their Colours, who repeated the Salutes fired on the Shore during the day.

About 9 o'clock the Principal Civil and Military Officers of Government began to assemble at the Palace in the Great Tapestry Room, and shortly afterwards Major General Hutchinson, delegated to represent the Sovereign on the occasion, arrived, and having received the Salute of the Troops, was conducted direct to the Audience Room by a Deputation appointed to recieve him, consisting of The Chief Secretary to Government, and the whole of the Military Staff.

The different Civil and Military Officers appointed to attend him, immediately repaired to the Major General.

At this time too, His Excellency the Governor had met his attendants in the private Apartments of the Palace.

At 10 o'Clock precisely, the hour fixed for the commencement of the Ceremony, the Major General began his Procession in the following manner,—

The MAJOR GENERAL'S AID-DE-CAMP and BRIGADE MAJOR.

DEPUTY ASSISTANT ADJUTANT, and DEPUTY ASSISTANT QUARTER MASTER GENERALS, the two TOWN MAJORS,— the DEPUTY ADJUTANT. and DEPUTY QUARTER MASTER GENERALS,

The MILITARY CHAPLAIN.
COLLECTOR of HIS MAJESTY'S CUSTOMS.
COLLECTOR of HIS MAJESTY'S LAND REVENUE.
INTENDANT of MARINE POLICE.
The PROTOMEDICO.
MAGISTRATES of JUDICIAL POLICE.
The AUDITOR of ACCOUNTS.
The JURATS of the UNIVERSITY.
The ADVOCATE for the CROWN.
The JUDGES of the HIGH COURT of APPEAL, of the COMMERCIAL COURT, and the THREE HALLS of the CIVIL COURT.
The TREASURER to GOVERNMENT.

CAPTAIN VINCENT of the ROYAL NAVY, bearing, on a red velvet Cushion, the Insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of the most Honorable Military Order of the Bath.

The CHIEF SECRETARY to GOVERNMENT, bearing also on a Red Velvet Cushion the following Letters;—First, a Letter from Field Marshal His Royal Highness The Duke of York, Commander in Chief of all His Majesty's Land Forces; addressed to Lieutenant General The Right Honorable Sir Thomas Maitland Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honorable Military Order of the Bath.

Secondly,—A Letter from the Right Honorable Lord Viscount Sidmouth, one of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, addressed to Major General William Hutchinson.

The Representative of The Crown
MAJOR GE[illegible]RAL HUTCHINSON.
The Processi[illegible] from the Audience

[illegible] mediately pr[illegible] known that all was in readiness to receive His Excellency.

His Excellency the Governor The Right Honorable Lieutenant General Sir Thomas Maitland, the Knight Elect, immediately began His Procession from the private Apartments of the Palace, towards the Throne in the Hall of the Supreme Council of Justice, in the following order:—

AID-DE-CAMPS, FIELD OFFICERS of the ARMY and CAPTAINS of the NAVY, TWO and TWO the JUNIOR in FRONT.

The LORD LIEUTENANTS of DISTRICTS.
The INSPECTOR GENERAL of POLICE.
The GRAND ALMONER.
The COMMISSARY GENERAL.
The CIVIL CHAPLAIN.
The MILITARY and PRIVATE SECRETARIES.
The MEMBERS of the SUPREME COUNCIL of JUSTICE.

The ARCHBISHOP and BISHOP of MALTA supported by the TWO highest DIGNITARIES of the CHURCH.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR, supported by the COMMANDING OFFICER, and the COMMISSIONER of the NAVY.

His Excellency having arrived at the Foot of, and having made due reverence to the Throne, and to His Majesty's Representative, —the Chief Secretary to Government read and published the Letter from Field Marshal His Royal Highness The Duke of York as follows:—

"*Horse Guards, 3rd January*, 1815.

"Sir,

"The Prince Regent, acting in the Name "and on the Behalf of His Majesty, having been "graciously pleased, in consideration of your "eminent Services, to confer upon you the dis "tinction of Knight Grand Cross of the most "Honorable Military Order of The Bath, I "have the Commands of His Royal Highness "to acquaint you, that you are to assume forth- "with the Style nnd Dignity of a Knight Grand "Cross of the said Order accordingly, in pur- "suance of the Notification of the Royal plea- "sure, as contained in the London Gazette of "this date,—But you are not to wear the In- "signia of the Order until you shall be authori- "zed by further sufficient authority so to do.

I am, Sir, Your's
FREDERICK,
Commander in Chief.

The Chief Secretary to Government also read and published the Letter from Lord Viscount Sidmouth, as follows:

"Sir, "*Whitehall July 24th* 1815.

"His Royal Highness The Prince Regent, Ac- "ting in the Name and on the Behalf of His "Majesty, having been graciously pleased, as a "mark of His Royal approbation of the Ser- "vices of Lieutenant General The Right Hono- "rable Thomas Maitland, to nominate Him "to be one of the Knights Grand Crosses, "composing the First Class of the most Hon- "orable Military Order of the Bath: and it be- "ing necessary that He should be invested "with the Ensigns of the said Order, which have "been transmitted to Him, I am to signify to "you His Royal Highness The Prince Regent's "Pleasure, that you should perform that Cere- "mony: and it being His Royal Highness's In- "tention that the same be done in the most ho- "norable and distinguished manner that cir- "cumstances will allow of, you will concert and "adjust with Him, such time and manner for in- "vesting Him with the Ensigns as a Knight "Grand Cross composing the First Class of the "most Honorable Military Order of the Bath, "as shall appear to you most proper for shew- "ing all due Respect to His Royal Highness "The Prince Regent's Order; and as may at the "same time mark in the most public manner, "His Royal Highness's just sense of the Zeal, "and Abilities, which Lieutenant General Mait- "land has exerted in the Service of His King "and Country.

I have the honor to be,
Sir,
Your most obedient
Humble Servant,
SIDMOUTH."

At the conclusion of this Letter, the Military Chaplain delivered a most appropriate Prayer, composed for the occasion, after which the Major General representing the Crown addressed Sir Thomas Maitland as follows:———

"Lieutenant General Sir Thomas Maitland.— "Delegated by His Royal Highness The Prince "Regent, acting in the Name and on the Behalf "of His Majesty, to represent the Sovereign, "upon the solemnly important occasion of inves- "ting Your Excellency with the appropriate "Badges of Knight Grand Cross of the Most "Honorable Military Order of the Bath, I take "upon me, with all becoming pride, and with "every feeling of personal satisfaction the high- "[illegible] of pre- [illegible] with such valuable [illegible] must be, in [illegible] of the [illegible] per- [illegible] entrusted by Him [illegible] of Your [illegible] professional character [illegible] the only de- [illegible] exclusively devoted to [illegible] zealously, [illegible] essarily exerted, in the service of Your "King and Country.

"By Command then of my Royal Master the "Prince Regent, acting in the Name and on the "Behalf of His Majesty, I invest Your Excel- "lency with these Appendages, as well-meri- "ted and eminently dignifying marks of Royal "Favor: and it now but remains for me to pro- "nounce my most fervent prayer, that Your "Excellency may long live to enjoy them, and "continue to distinguish a Name acknowledged "as an honor to your Country."

The Major General then proceeded to invest His Excellency with the Insignia of a Knigh Grand Cross of the Most Honorable Military Order of the Bath, in the usual form and manner.

His Excellency thus invested, addressed the Major General in these words:—

"Sir,—I receive from you the Insignia of "Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honorable "Military Order of the Bath, with the deepest "feelings of gratitude, but at the same time "with a thorough conviction that I owe this high "and distinguishing mark of Royal Considera- "tion to the Condescending Favor of the Sove- "reign, and to no merits I can claim. I have "only to add, that I shall with pleasure devo [illegible] "the few years I may yet be spared, as I have "done the many that have gone by, in endea- "vouring, to the best of my humble talents and "abilities, to advance the interest of my Coun- "try, and to support the Honor and Dignity of "of the Crown.

"You will permit me, Sir, to return you many "thanks for the gracious manner in which you "have made known the Royal Pleasure, and "for the personal kindness you you have shewn "me on the occasion."

A salute of 17 guns was fired when His Excellency ceased speaking, and having made his reverences to the Throne, his Procession returned to the private appartments of the Palace, in the same order and form in which it had entered, and the Procession of the Major General returned in the like manner: and the ceremony was concluded.

In the evening His Excellency gave a grand ball at the Palace in honor of the distinguished Ceremonial of the morning.

[*Malta Govt. Gaz.—October 12.*

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